

CHARIVARIA.

THE White Star liner *Majestic* on a recent voyage carried a shipment of 4,500,000 British eggs to New York. This confirms the report that a Presidential election is impending.

The *Express* has published an article on "The Effects of a Foreign Tariff on British Fish." We cannot help thinking, however, that only a few exceptionally intelligent fish take any interest in the question.

Mr. L. V. HARCOURT, in a speech at Rawtenstall, threatened to swamp the Lords with Liberal peers. It is thought that the fees which the Government's supporters would be willing to pay for the distinction might be sufficient to make Old-age Pensions a possibility.

In the new issue of *Who's Who* three members of the present Cabinet give Shooting as their favourite diversion, while a fourth mentions that he is a Boxer. The Suffragettes declare, however, that they are not to be intimidated.

On the first day on which Mr. Justice EVE sat in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn the rain suddenly poured through the roof. "Dear me!" his lordship is said to have exclaimed. "This is as bad as the Garden of Eden!"

Preparations for a great London pageant are now being made. It is suggested that each district shall contribute from its midst the performers for one or other of the episodes, and we hear that there is keen rivalry between the New Cut and Notting Dale for the honour of presenting an incident in the career of JACK SHEPPARD.

The decision of the Zoological

Society to enlarge their grounds is hailed with satisfaction on all sides, the extension being much needed. It is not, we believe, generally known that the reason why the public is not allowed to feed the inmates at present is that, owing to lack of space, any increase in the girth of the animals has to be carefully avoided.

The rage for Lilliputian dogs con-

tinues to attract attention: There is one point, however, upon which the book, curiously enough, does not touch. We refer to the great age to which Ballet Girls live, a fact that is constantly commented on by visitors to the Music Halls.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD:

THE American Government, considering that its Indian wards would get on much better without their polysyllabic names, recently entrusted Dr. EASTMAN, a full-blooded Sioux who graduated at Dartmouth College, with the task of bringing these cumbersome titles into consonance with modern requirements. According to *The Daily Chronicle* Dr. EASTMAN has now returned from the Pine Ridge Reservation, Dakota, after giving new names to nearly 30,000 Sioux Indians, titles such as "Afraid-of-a-war," "Rain-in-the-face," "Big-black-raven-with-the-white-eyes" having been turned into plain JOHN, CHARLES, WALTER, etc.

We understand that Dr. EASTMAN, with a view to restoring the balance between the Old World and the New, meditates a visit to England, where he hopes to induce our leading celebrities to substitute the picturesque nomenclature of the Red Man for



HIS FIRST SWIM.

Small Boy (anxiously). "Oh, Pa, I've swallowed some water! Will they mind?"

tinues, and the latest fashion among smart women, we hear, is to wear half-a-dozen of the priceless mites dangling from a chatelaine.

A little while ago there was a discussion in the columns of a contemporary as to which is the pluckier sex. Looking at the hats which the ladies are wearing to-day we think there can now be no doubt.

M. METCHNIKOFF's interesting work on "The Prolongation of Life"

their own bald and unconvincing appellations. Thus:—

ARTHUR.—Two-headed-nightingale-who-sits-on-the-fence.

JOHN (BURNS). — Boanerges-of-Battersea.

LULU. — Protector-of-Suffragettes. AUGUSTINE. — Afraid-of-a-cow. Laughter-on-all-occasions.

MARIE. — Little-white-swan-chanting-sorrowful-songs-for-great-black-spirit.

HALL.—Red-head-with-three-legs.

HAROLD.—Caine-in-the-face.

SHORTER IN EGYPT.

A LITERARY DIARY.

Dec. 5.—I am going to Egypt, and have little time to read any books other than those that refer to that country. This is very rough on English authors and publishers, particularly on the remaining new illustrated editions of *Alice in Wonderland* which I have still omitted to call perfect; but it cannot be helped. Perhaps I can make up for lost opportunities on my return. Meanwhile I am going to Egypt, and have therefore just finished reading an easy primer of the Egyptian tongue; *The Encyclopedia Britannica* article on Egypt; *The Sphinx's Lawyer*, by the brilliant FRANK DANBY; *Bonaparte in Egypt*, by HAJI A. BROWNE; JOHN ROBERTS ON *Pyramids*; MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Mycerinus*; DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL'S *Ramleh Remarks*, and a Guide to Cromer. I naturally have many criticisms to pass on all these works, but there is no time.

Dec. 6.—I go to Egypt in the new steamer, the *Heliopolis*. Being anxious to see the literature that would be provided on the journey, I readily accepted to-day the invitation of the chief librarian of GOODIE'S LIBRARY to see the books being bound for that great ship. A wonderful equipment it is. Here were 900 or 1,000 volumes in English, French and German—a large number of them with an Egyptian atmosphere. I shall probably read them all before we sight the Pharos at Alexandria. All these books are bound in an attractive red leather. They will make a fine library, although not, of course, so fine as mine, for there are no autograph copies among them. Now I have several books with Mr. THOMAS J. WISE'S autograph, for example, which are naturally priceless.

Dec. 7.—On board the *Heliopolis* (from *Helios*, the sun, and *polis*, a city; meaning literally the City of the Sun). I have had considerable difficulty in getting into my state-room on account of the packing-cases of books which absolutely filled it. We had at last to effect an entrance through a port-hole. After some hours of steady application I read a pathway through the volumes, and now all is comfort and luxury. The officers and sailors are most polite.

They evidently know who I am. Probably they read *The Sphere*.

Dec. 8.—I cannot make sure how I have been recognised, for when I asked the captain this morning how he liked my literary letter in *The Sphere*, he replied that he had never noticed that it contained anything but pictures. No matter; I have no doubt that now and then Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has had his rebuffs too. Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, I

time on German! Then I might be exchanging delightful badinage with these swarthy denizens of the storied past, instead of which I have to make all my remarks through COOK'S interpreter. But what a country! Shades of JOSEPH and POTIPHAR and all the PHARAOHS, and CÆSAR and CLEOPATRA and the PTOLEMIES! I lay awake all night thinking of PASHT and CHEOPS and RAMESES I.; and this *nuit blanche* reminds me how infinitely superior is RACKHAM'S *White Knight* to his mid-Victorian predecessor.

Dec. 14.—The Sphinx at last! Never do I remember a face so fraught with mystery; never do I remember having had before to give up a conundrum. Yet if OEDIPUS REX could not guess it, how should I? (I do hope I have got my facts right; but of course I don't feel so safe in the pre-BRONTË period.) I wonder, by the way, what the Sphinx—the Red Queen of Egypt—read. And the PHARAOHS lying for ever beneath those massive piles of stone, what did they read? Oh to have been at Alexandria before the fire! To have been librarian, or even an under-librarian in that great temple of perusal, would have been happiness enough for me. "What—my donkey will catch cold if I don't move? Oh, all right"—thus does the insistent present ruin the day-dreams of the muser. But at least I have done letters one good turn. I have bribed my donkey-boy to change the name of my steed from Lord Kitchener to Joseph Vance.

"So far, the record is held by a pen of white Wyandottes, which has laid 156 eggs in the month. Its nearest rival is a pen of buff Plymouth Rocks, which has laid exactly 131 eggs."

Daily Mail.

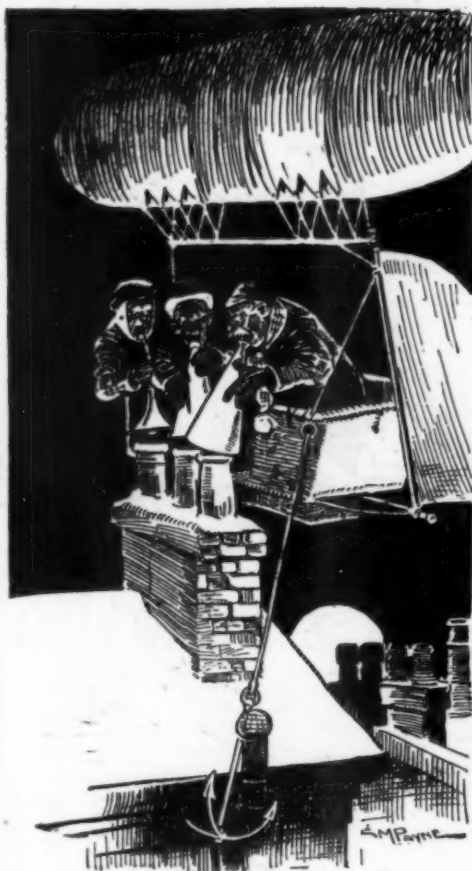
This word "exactly" just shows upon what a little a good story depends. Another egg either way, and the whole savour of the jest would have been lost.

"Always fortunate in its speakers, the Hamilton Mesagiel Burns Club may yet be said to have 'struck it' in securing a popular orator and authority on Burns to propose 'The Immoral Memory.'"—*Hamilton Advertiser*.

This seems to give us the club at its happiest.

Commercial Candour.

"The F— Cigar, for which 12 gold medals have been awarded, price 3d. each."

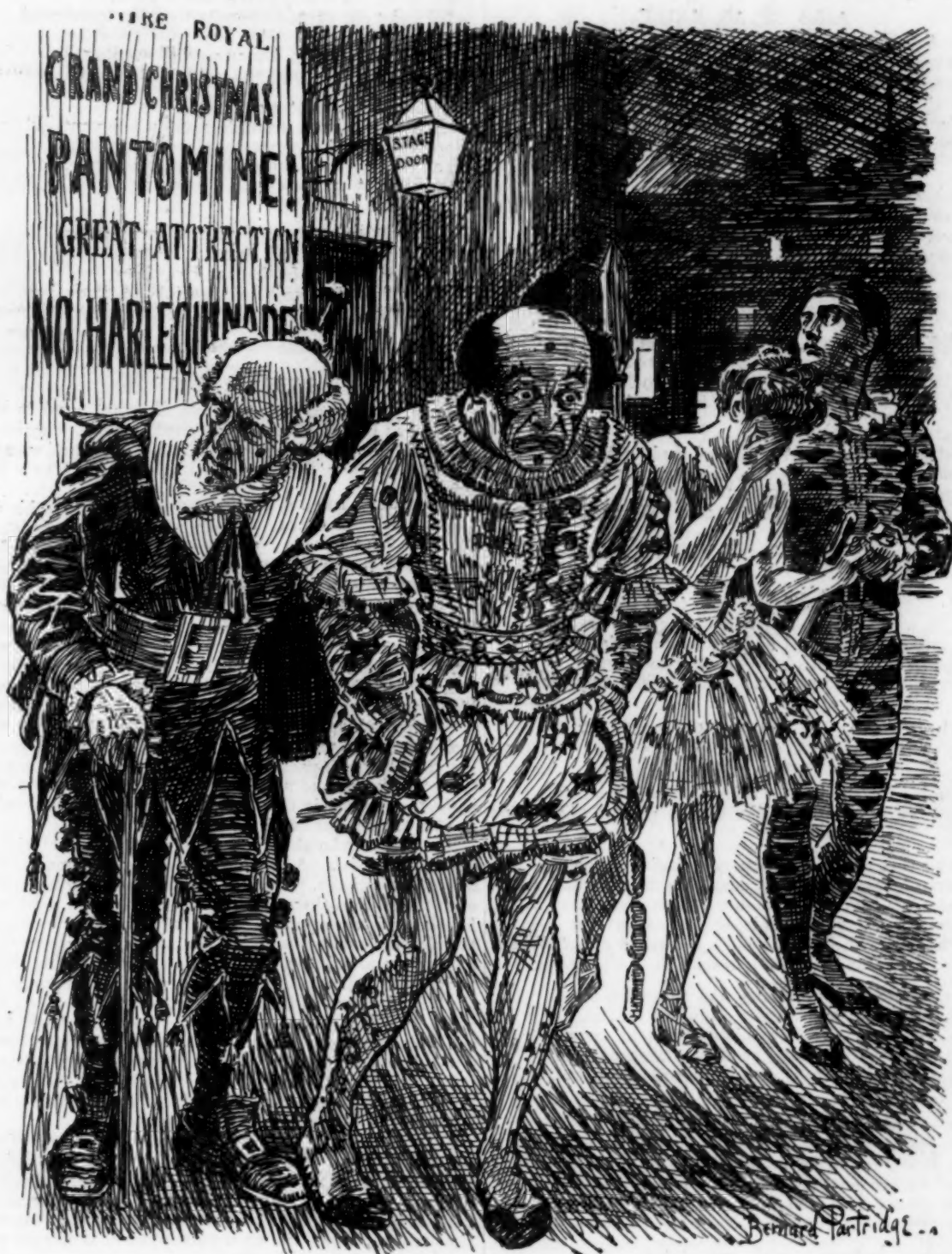


CHRISTMAS PEACE.

A PESSIMISTIC FORECAST OF THE WAITS IN THE AIRSHIP AGE.

might add, is the son of a famous and eccentric mathematician, greatly addicted to Spherical Trigonometry, and not altogether unlike LEWIS CARROLL (the Reverend CHARLES LUTWIDGE DOUGSON) in temperament, which reminds me that I have never seen such admirably illustrated books as all the new *Alices*, so vastly superior to poor TENNIEL.

Dec. 11.—Egypt at last. I am all among the Egyptians. How foolish of me not to have learned Egyptian sooner, instead of wasting so much



OUT OF THE BILL.

[The Management of Drury Lane Theatre proposes to dispense with the Harlequinade in this year's Pantomime.]

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM LOS ANGELES.

Now suores the squirrel in his native hole,
In some old oak-whereon the dead leaves flutter;
Now chirps the sparrow from the frosted bole,
Flouting the drifts that pile his favourite gutter,
One eye alert for cats and one for cast-off bread-and-butter.

Now heaves the Jehu his divinest jape,
Conscious of tips his pleasantries engender;
Now seedy bank-clerks starve themselves to scrape
A paltry surplussage of legal tender,
Evolving Christmas gifts from screws incomparably slender.

Now make their mute appeal from poulterers' shops
Those mammoth turkeys, primest of their species;
Now the bazaars are piled with patent tops,
And Teddy bears and lambs with woolly fleeces,
Air-guns for horrid boys, and dolls for favourite female nieces.

Christmas is come! A thousand puddings stand
Hallowed, superb, upon the kitchen dresser;
Dyspeptic celibates in clubs demand
Roast goose (ye gods!), and WILLIUM answers
"Yes, sir."
And (strange!) Hygeia overlooks these indiscretions,
bless her!

That young-old man; behold him from afar,
With white fur cap and twinkling eyes thereunder;
Tall reindeer harnessed to his glittering car,
And in the boot his ancient stores of wonder,
For dim eyes to grow moist above and tiny hands to plunder.

Watch the old fellow, what sly arts he employs
To send our sullen spirits up like rockets,
Till crusty gentlemen that loathe small boys
Fumble for shillings in their waistcoat pockets,
And grim old maids make tearful gifts of chains and treasured lockets.

And we that speak, on Memory's ringing sleigh
Borne by swift thoughts across the leagues that sever,
Come after him; then render us, we pray,
Rough greeting such as loyal men endeavour
Who shake their old friend's hand and cry, "What!
TOMPKINS? Well, I never!"

Here, where the sun shines and the roses blow
Through mild mid-winters, come no indications
Of Christmas, save Gorgonio's crown of snow,
And colder nights, and paste-board intimations
(Eight cents to pay) of kind regards from overlooked relations.

Here are no snow-flakes on the lesser hills,
No pleasant snooze before the glowing embers
Prior to tea and toast, no fogs, no chills,
No skating parties such as one remembers,
No pantomimes that made us laugh in dead-and-gone Decembers.

But still (*pro forma*) on the actual day
Our groaning board is decked with alien holly;
Still we contrive in just the good old way
To laugh and joke and be extremely jolly,
While YUN brings in the goose and grins—"Him
loasted fine, by golly!"

Then as we sip a fine young native port,
We swap old yarns of haunts we once frequented,
Those favourite golf-links, that sublime resort
For fine old ale, of wondrous digs we rented,
Of college orgies once enjoyed and afterwards repented.

And visions pass before our torpid gaze,
Each one a shaft from Memory's poignant quiver—
Snow-powdered hedgerows of the country ways,
The drifting lights upon the fog-bound river,
Till starting up we cry, "That goose! I knew 'twould
touch my liver!"

Thus do we strive to keep your memory green,
Our countrymen, and annually do you
Some little honour, in that we have been
Honoured ourselves because of old we knew you.
Another year has passed: then here 's a merry Christmas
to you!
ALGOL.

INEXPENSIVE GIFTS.

At this season of the year most of us are faced by the problem of how to afford the greatest possible pleasure at the smallest possible expense. Below are some suggestions for useful and acceptable Christmas gifts at a low price.

It is always difficult to think of something suitable for a man. If, perchance, he be a smoker, the trouble is less than if he be not. A very useful gift to the smoker would be a good supply of matches. It would raise him above his fellows, for at present a smoker with matches of his own is practically non-existent. Twelve boxes can be purchased for three-halfpence, and for an outlay of a shilling or eighteen-pence a gift of imposing dimensions is possible. Don't buy a silver matchbox, as he has one.

Tobacco is also most useful to a smoker. A nice dark kind can be bought at 3½d. per ounce. A good method is to purchase half-a-pound, take it from its wrappings, loosen it out so that it occupies as much space as possible, and then re-pack in a nice white sheet of paper, tying with a piece of pale blue ribbon. An added joy will come to the giver in that this gift is as likely as anything to cure the smoker of his bad habit.

To a man who does not smoke, writing material is generally useful. A dainty present can be made of a dozen lead-pencils, which can be purchased for 2½d. Cut each pencil into three, making the pieces of a right size for the waistcoat pocket. Then ascertain the colour of the clothes worn by the person to whom the present is to be made, and paint the pencils with a harmonising shade of Aspinall's enamel. Ink too is always acceptable by the writing man. Purchase a twopenny bottle. As the glass of the bottle will probably be coarse, and will lack the dainty appearance which a present should have, obtain a small cut-glass scent bottle with a little scent left in it. Pour the ink into the scent bottle, shake well, tie with pink ribbon, and there for a trifling outlay is a novel and at the same time useful present.

A pair of gloves never comes amiss to a lady. They can be bought at prices from 1s. 0½d. per pair. A dainty packet of pins will be given by the shopkeeper instead of the odd farthing, if desired. If any doubt is entertained that inexpensive gloves will be welcome, buy them two sizes too small, and the pretty compliment thus paid will amply atone for poor quality.

"It is proposed to manufacture gun-cotton explosives, a number of patients having been acquired."—*Manchester Guardian*.
Where is your "Brown Dog" now?



THE DANGER OF A LITTLE LEARNING.

(At a French Restaurant in Soho.)

Bertie (affected by Continental atmosphere). "WELL, IF I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, AU REVOIR!"

"TEDDY" AND THE CROWNED HEADS.

ACCORDING to the New York correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, it is generally believed in Washington that when President ROOSEVELT leaves the White House he will make a world-tour, calling upon every monarch in Europe:—

"At luncheon recently, it is reported, Mr. Roosevelt intimated to Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German Ambassador, that he intended, on retiring from the Presidency, to call upon his Imperial master. 'Specky, when I get off the job, I am going over to see your boss,' is the precise phrase attributed to the American President, whose informal Yankee methods of expression greatly amused his Excellency. Mr. Roosevelt and the Baron, be it recalled, are great personal friends, and in the meetings on the lawn-tennis courts last summer at the White House the President, as I have mentioned before in *The Daily Telegraph*, not infrequently called the Ambassador 'Specky.' It is, of course, a distinct score for a diplomat to achieve such friendly relationship with a Democratic President, and it will be no disadvantage, from our standpoint here, when Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, shall be known to Mr. Roosevelt as 'James,' or even plain 'Jim.'"

The effect of this announcement

on the Crowned Heads of Europe, we are in a position to state, has been immediate, intense and acute. Prince BUELOW, in an interview with the representative of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and replying to the question "What would be the result if Mr. ROOSEVELT were to address the KAISER as 'BILL'?" said that he always preferred discussing concrete facts to hypothetical contingencies. But if Mr. ROOSEVELT persisted in the intention which was attributed to him, he (Prince BUELOW) would not be answerable for the consequences. There was an old proverb to the effect that a cat might look at a king, but it was a far cry from that to an ex-President addressing an Emperor by his Christian name.

A similar question having been put to the Russian Premier by the *Novos Vremya*, M. STOLYPIN returned a guarded reply. For the President of the United States, while he was still President, to address the German Ambassador as "SPECKY" was one thing; for him when no longer President to address the Tsar as "NICKY" was another matter alto-

gether, and savoured of the extremist Socialism. He sincerely hoped that Mr. ROOSEVELT would reconsider his intention, or, at all events, content himself with styling the Tsar "Little Father," in which case the Tsar might possibly retaliate by addressing him as "Big Brother."

Prince OLAF, who was interviewed on his return to Norway by several distinguished journalists, said that he couldn't prevent Mr. ROOSEVELT from calling him "OLAF," but that he had not the slightest intention of calling him "TEDDY" in return. We understand that the Prince of ASTURIAS has resolved to assume a similar attitude of reserve.

An official of the L.B. and S.C.R. is reported in *The Daily Mail* as saying:

"There are indications that the number of people spending London out of town at country resorts will be far larger than in previous years."

On the other some of the best people are spending the country at Streatham.



BOADICEA. (Westminster)



CHARLES I. (Pompadour)

THE REAL REALISM.

[A correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* writes with reference to the proposed statuary group on the Constitution Hill Arch that it "raises anew the question of the impropriety of erecting sculptured representations of the human figure, as well as of animals generally, in positions which they could not or would not occupy naturally."]

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

TOWN IN WINTER.

Claridge's, December 19.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I always think town is comfiest in the before-Christmas season, which is a particularly lively one this year. I've been doing a simply frantic heap of shopping. You see, when you find a really sweet thing, you're bound to buy it, not only because you want it yourself, but to prevent anyone else from having it. Darling Pom-pom, too, wanted everything new that a little doggie can want, from motor-goggles to a manicure-set and sleeping-socks.

People are dancing a good deal this week—for charity, of course. If you do dance in town at this time of year, it's correct to dance in aid of something. There was a very cheery affair at the Grafton Galleries the other night for the Horribly Afflicted.

I gave a big dinner for it, and so did several others, including the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE woman, who brought on a weird crowd of unknowns, à propos de quoi Bosh TRESYLLYAN tells a little story. For his sins, he was dancing with one of the weird unknowns, and, after starting a few topics of chat and finding nobody at home, he tried the new

singer and her wonderful F in alt. that everyone's raving about. This was the answer he got: "Oh, I'm ashamed to say I haven't heard her, in *Alt* or any other opera!"

The B.-B. woman has quarrelled with all her bear-leaders now, and is trying to get along on her own, with woeful results! What do you think! The creature is imitating me in a most outrageous way. I hear she's had the "Valse Blanche" danced at one of her horrid let-'em-all-come parties. And as if that were not enough she's actually using my own, my very own scent, white chrysanthemum, "Blanche Multimill" brand, distilled for me, the sweetest, subtlest, faintest perfume, associated utterly with me, so that when people become aware of it they say "BLANCHE is, or has been, here." And now I shall never be able to use it again. How the creature got hold of it I can't imagine. I think of going to law with her about it. That is a pleasure as yet untasted. What lovely frocks I'd wear in court, and what smart things I'd say!

CROPPY VAVASSOR and PIGGY DE LACY have been quite cool to me lately; and about what d'you suppose? My dear, it's the funniest thing!

One evening down at Broadlands we were rather hard up for something to play at, so we had a game of "I

twig you by your nose." A sheet was hung across the arch of the small white drawing-room, and a number of them were to put their noses through a slit in the sheet for their "friends in front" to guess at. CROPPY put his nose through, and I called out, "Piggy's." They've both been on their hind-legs about it ever since. And the best of it is, my dearest, that there's nothing to choose between their noses; they both have what I should call funny noses, decidedly cheaply run up. But for the rest of the evening they were taking angry, furtive looks at each other's profiles; and CROPPY came to me to say in confidence: "Come now, BLANCHE! Honest Injun! You were paying me off some old score when you pretended to mistake my nose for that fellow's, now weren't you?" And a little later it was PIGGY, with: "I say, you know, I don't set up to have much of a nose; but I say, you know, it's a bit rough on me to have that fellow's taken for mine!"

I was discussing the matter with NORTY the other day, and he says you never really know what people are till you touch them (metaphorically speaking) on their noses, and that there's no feature about which more self-deception exists. He's quite a philosopher, that boy.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

NO. III.—A MEDLEY OF CELEBRITIES.

THE ELF-KING'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"BUGLER mine," said the Elfin King,
 "Blow me a flourish and make it swing.
 Up with your bugle, fill your cheeks,
 And blow, blow, blow till the music speaks,
 That all my people may hear it clear,
 And leave their places and hurry here.
 What's that you mutter? A bore? A bore!
 Pray what do you think I pay you for?
 Blow, you dog, till you crack or burst;
 Blow till you've fairly earned your thirst;
 I haven't prepared my Christmas-tree
 And loaded it only for you and me."

Now the Bugler-Elf was a queer old fellow,
 Good at a grumble,
 And never humble,
 His cap was red and his cloak was yellow,
 And the emerald tunic he looked so fat in
 Was tastefully slashed with ruby satin.
 His shoes were green and his hose were white,
 And everything seemed a trifle tight.

His bugle hung
 By his side and swung;
 And he took it,
 And eyed it,
 And shook it,
 And tried it,
 And then, and then
 He tried it again,

And, puffing his purple cheeks, at last
 He set to work and he blew his blast.

Oh, but it rang,
 And sweetly sang,
 And joyously welled
 From the source of sound;
 And pierced and shivered the walls of night
 Till it tumbled back from the hard-won height.
 And again it swelled
 As it echoed round,
 And then it rose, it rose, it rose,
 Searching the dark and cloudy hollows through,
 And ever louder, clearer, shriller blew,
 Till on one last long note it faded to its close.

"Bravo!" said the King. "Well done, my boy!"
 But the bugler wasn't the one for joy;
 He dropped his jubilant bugle down,
 And looked at the King with a fearful frown.
 "My throat," he observed, "is parched and tickly;
 It's dry as the dust and very prickly,
 As if I had swallowed a full-grown thistle;
 I shan't be well till I've wet my whistle."
 And he rang the bell, and he roared out "Wine!
 Let it be rich and rare and fine!"
 So they brought him wine in a thimble cup,
 And "Luck!" he grunted and drank it up.

But hark, hark, hark! The little folk are coming!
 The night is filled with a lively sort of humming.

There's a patter,
 And a chatter,
 And a clatter,

And the bugler frowns, but it doesn't seem to matter;
 And the hum grows louder,
 And the King looks prouder,
 For the merry little elves
 Have roused their loyal selves:

They heard the bugle calling and they're hurrying
 to see
 His Majesty, their monarch, and the royal Christmas-
 tree.

How they hurried!
 How they scurried!

How they made their voices ring,
 As they thronged into the palace and were welcomed
 by the King.

Though the Queen looked rather funky, if the term
 may be allowed;
 She had read of insurrections and she didn't like a
 crowd.

But the King, he shook his sceptre,
 And he kept her—yes, he kept her
 To do his lieges honour and to listen to their cheers,
 With her bodyguard to back her of the Elfin
 Grenadiers.

When all were gathered the Christmas-tree
 Was lit by the King himself;
 It was loaded all over heavily
 With presents for every Elf.

There were cakes and buns
 For the tiny ones;
 And dolls in prams and mechanical toys
 For all the gossamer girls and boys;
 And jewels rare
 For the Elfin fair;

And a pencil-case, or a fountain-pen,
 Or a walking-stick for the Elfin men.
 Everybody looked mighty pleasant,
 For nobody failed to get a present.

And next the hall was cleared for dancers,
 And they all dashed in for the kitchen-lancers;
 They waltzed and they polked—but some sat out—
 And supped, and then with a loyal shout
 Took leave of their King, who still looked hearty,
 And so went home from their Christmas party.

R. C. L.

NUBLETS!

Have you tried them?

The New Food on the New System!

When you eat Nublets you lose your taste for all other
 foods!

Then you lose your taste for Nublets!

THINK OF THE SAVING!

Nublets

In tins, bags and sacks.

Sample tin free on receipt of 3/9 for postage.

No Limerick Competitions.

JUST NUBLETS.

To be obtained at all Respectable Grocers, Oil-
 merchants, and Picture-postcard Shops.

"Wild Weather.

A HURRICANE IN THE ATLANTIC:

HUNDREDS OF ACRES UNDER WATER."

The above headlines are culled from one of our sensa-
 tional contemporaries.

"Motor Cyclist (20) would like situation among motors, educated,
 smart, interested motors."—*The Motor Cycle*.

We hope he will get the company he wishes. Certainly,
 if we were looking for a situation among motors, we
 should like them to be educated, smart, and interested.



Thruster (to rival who has dismounted to open a gate) "I'LL JUST GO ON AND KEEP 'EM IN SIGHT!"

THE MOTOR AND THE MAN.

[A Motor Show is a place where one can enjoy oneself at the least possible expense by trying all makes of cars and buying none. For the benefit of all those who intend on the next opportunity, thus to pull the leg, and trade upon the simplicity of the mere Salesman, we reproduce the conversation which in our case took place at the first Stand. As we said all the good things ourself, the Salesman's remarks may be well omitted.]

"I BUY a car? Good heavens, man! But can you tell me where the Sunhard Stand is? . . . Yes, I know this is the Arier-Napex Stand; but can you tell me . . . ? I dare say you are right. Very likely the Sunhard Car is no better than it should be. It may be a disgraceful affair—a wheel-barrow for all I know. I only want to see a friend at that Stand. Can you . . . ? Oh, well, if you must, you may show me as many cars as you like; but you'll only be wasting your time. . . ."

"Supposing I was going to buy a car?" But I am not; so what is the good of supposing? But if I were it would probably be a 'Filot.' . . . Yes, I said 'Filot,' and I am very pleased to see how easily you're amused. . . . No, I don't think I should agree with your criticism of the 'Filot,' even if I knew what a 'live axle' was. . . . Ah! as dan-

gerous as all that? . . . Well, I'll look if you want me to, but I am sure it's useless, unless you think it will do the car any good to be looked at. . . . So that's a chain-drive, is it? . . . I'm sure I'm very pleased to meet it. . . . Ah! as safe as all that? . . .

"No. I like the crease of your trousering, and I am sure you're a good fellow, but I know you're wrong there. I have it on the very best authority that water-cooled . . . Yes, perhaps it does seem absurd from that point of view, but I know that water-cooled . . . Of course your experience may be larger than mine. . . . Very well, I may be wrong about the 'water,' but I knew I was right about the 'cooled.'"

"This car won a gold medal? Well, there's nothing wonderful about that. The marmalade I eat for breakfast has won four. . . . What, the only gold medal? Surely the Humsley man told me. . . . Is he really? He looked such a straightforward sort of chap."

"Well, I may, but I can't promise. I must look round a bit first. . . . I simply must be allowed to look round first. I insist on the Liberty of the Subject. . . . Thanks very much, but I couldn't spare the time for a run now. . . . We busi-

ness men. . . . Shall I get in first? Which is the soft pedal? . . . This is certainly better than my old Vanguard; but what a noise! . . . You don't say so? I thought it was the car. . . .

"No, really. I never eat. Well, if you insist, I might manage just a snack. . . . Without prejudice, the time might come when I might take a car off you. . . . Thanks. . . . I said the 'time might come.' You won't forget that, will you? . . . Thanks. . . . As a matter of fact, I suppose the Arier-Napex is just the very thing that every man wants, but only a few are lucky enough to find out. . . . Thanks. . . . Yes, when one has got over the initial outlay, the expense is practically nil. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that it actually puts money into one's pocket. . . . No more champagne for me, thanks. . . . Yes, I think I ought to have a car of some sort. . . . Ah, that is what you say! . . . No, not for me, thank you. Mind you, I only said 'I thought.' . . . Oh, well! Just a small one, perhaps. . . . No, look here, I can't afford. . . . Really, I can't. . . . No, my dear fellow, I simply can't. . . . can't. . . . No, I say, look here. . . .

"How shall I cross the cheque?"



OUR PARISH WHIST DRIVE.

Old Lady (having played quite a dozen games). "WHAT DO THEY MEAN, MY DEAR, WHEN THEY SAY TRUMPS?"

THE FLYING FRENCHMAN.

[From the "Daily Miracle" of Aug. 17, 1957.]

THE Flying Frenchman has again been seen. This apparition, we know, is scoffed at as taking the place of the sea-serpent, so famous with our forefathers, and we ourselves have not been guiltless of making merry at its expense. But a telephone message received from our Himalayan correspondent early this morning causes us to regard the Flying Frenchman more seriously.

I have just had a remarkable interview (he 'phones) with WILLIAM BAILEY, motor-man of the aeroplane *Gnat*, which has been cruising among the mountains for a week or two. He declares emphatically that three nights ago he saw the Flying Frenchman. "It was about 10 p.m.," he told me. "I had stopped the motor to fit a fresh aluminium feather in the port wing, and we were floating with the breeze above Mount Everest.

The moon was hidden by a mist, but the night was not perfectly dark. On looking up from my work I discerned the form of one of the earliest patterns of airships rapidly approaching. In less than a minute, in the rays of our beak binnacle, I could see distinctly the huge cigar-shaped gas-bag, and beneath it the curious old-fashioned framework and platform bearing shattered machinery and broken metal, all thickly encrusted with rust. On the gas-bag I saw the letters. . . A . . . TRI. .

I had often heard from other fliers of the Flying Frenchman, but I had called it an old wives' tale. I shall call it that no more, for with my own eyes I have seen the ghostly thing. Its propellers were still, no sign of life was aframe it, yet it shot by on our starboard wing at some thirty miles an hour, *against the wind*. As it passed an icy chill came over me and paralysed my tongue. These are the first words I

have spoken since." A comment upon WILLIAM BAILEY's story is supplied by an old man in our employ as a commissionaire, who informs us that he recollects quite clearly that many years ago, when he was a small boy, a French airship named *La Patrie* broke loose from its moorings and flew away; and after being seen on several occasions in Ireland and in Scotland disappeared into the clouds.

We give the story for what it is worth. In our 6.30 edition will appear coloured pictures of WILLIAM BAILEY, the *Gnat*, and the apparition, all from sketches wired this morning by a native Himalayan artist. On going to press we learn that the intrepid young traveller, Mr. WILL M. LOOKYOU—a grandson, we believe, of a famous explorer of the early years of the present century—is fitting out an expedition to try to settle once for all the mystery of the Flying Frenchman.



ALIEN CHEER.

JOHN BULL (*dolefully*). "O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND!"

1900
12



BEATEN OUT OF THE FIELD.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF MARS BY VENUS, AS SEEN NEAR WELLINGTON BARRACKS, DEC. 1907.

THE TRUTH.

[It is reported that GEORGE WASHINGTON, in his later years, was prosecuted for making a false property return.]

If there ever was a name
Of unpalatable fame
To the legions of our Anglo-Saxon youth,
'Tis of him that rose to glory
As the hero of the story
Of the Little Boy that always told the Truth.

It is said that when his sire
In a fit of petty ire
Had accused the lad of whittling at a tree
That was damaged in his orchard
(Tho' a very simple scorcher 'd
Have instinctively occurred to you and me)

He did not inform his dad
That he hadn't (when he had),
But he owned the soft impeachment with a sigh,
And explained his indiscretion—
Not the act, but the confession—
By the statement that he "couldn't tell a lie."

And that tale has been imprest
On the baby at the breast,
It has been a source of trouble to the weans;
We were taught it by our pastors
And our governors and masters
And our parents from our teething to our teens.

It has never once occurred
That we only had his word
For the statement; and, to give the boy his due,
He had never said he wouldn't
If he could, but that he couldn't,
Which was nothing much, assuming it were true;

But they diligently cracked
Up that Specialist in Fact,
And laboriously rammed him down the gorge,
Till we really felt a bias
For the human ANANIAS,
As a foil to the insufferable GEORGE.

But the stuffing's knocked at last
From that phantom of the past,
And a sweet and blessed thing it is to learn
That that holy little terror
Was convicted of an error
(By the Jury) in his property return!

And the teacher of the child
Will in future draw it mild,
For we know that if the lad did not deny
His offence by saying, "No, Pa!"
It was probably a *faux pas*,
And the statement that he couldn't was a lie.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD has achieved the distinction of writing a tiresome book. To be precise, she has deliberately revived a saddening memory since *Milly and Olly* (FISHER UNWIN) was first published in 1881. "A Story for Children" it is called, and was originally designed for the edification of the family circle of Fox How. As Mr. BARRIE witnesses, there is nothing more delightful than a good book about children. There are few things more difficult to write. *Milly and Olly* is—one can't say are—chiefly made up of the pert prattle of children. It is of the kind an artful nursemaid might retail for the admiration of a fond mother, the mother in turn repeating the masterpieces to the fatuous father home from his day's work. Hoping for the best, I honestly read the book through, and came upon nothing better than this:—"Why don't we always get up at five o'clock, father?" asked OLLY. "Isn't it nice and funny?" "Very," said Mr. NORTON. "Still, I imagine, OLLY, if you had to get up every day at five o'clock you might think it funny, but I'm sure you wouldn't always think it nice." "Oh! I'm sure we should," said OLLY seriously." And so on through pages.

Valerie Upton (CONSTABLE), by ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, is a remarkable study of the clash of temperaments. There is little action beyond that which goes to the formation of character. These developments are natural for the most part, but it is difficult to believe that the odiously self-righteous *Imogen* (who reminds one of the heroine of *The Helpmate*, that brilliant novel against which Lady ROBERT CECIL has lately directed a rather unwarrantable and disingenuous attack) could ever actually have displaced her delightful mother in the affections of a man so mature and of so fixed a habit of life as *Sir Basil*. On the other hand, the shifting of the younger man's devotion in what Mr. HENRY JAMES would call "an opposite sense," from daughter to mother, is clearly inevitable. The author of *Valerie Upton* has high literary gifts and a very nice perception of differences in character, both individual and national. I sincerely commend her book to readers who care for the finer kind of work that can well afford to be independent of sensational attractions.

Outrageous Fortune, by "BAK" (HEINEMANN), ought to have a big question-mark after the title. It presents a pretty problem for the "Love and Courtship" page of a ladies' journal. Thus: A. is a widow, rather extravagant; she is engaged to B., who is also her executor and guardian; she gets into debt and doesn't tell him, but refuses to marry C., a highly eligible

millionaire (from whom she borrows money). B. finds out and jilts her. Then she inherits a fortune too late to help her. Can she claim damages (for waste of sympathy), or not? You see, if *Eleanor* (A.) had only accepted Mr. *Harding* (C.), who had a heart, as well as a purse, of the fashionable metal, she could have snapped her fingers at *Major Mortimer* (B.), who, by the way, is a bit of a flirt himself. The story doesn't move very far from Bond Street, but the heroine's emotional struggle is well sustained, and "BAK" keeps us going forward without time for breathing until the crash occurs.

Everyone whose interest in Paris extends beyond the Boulevards and the restaurants and the Champs Elysées knows that wonderful museum in the house that once was Madame de Sévigné's—the Carnavelet—a treasury of Parisian history, where the whole pageant may be followed in picture and relic. The director is M. GEORGE CAIN, and M. GEORGE CAIN naturally knows more about old Paris and loves it with a deeper love

than any living man. Some of this tenderness and affection he puts from time to time into a book, and another of these is now offered to English readers under the title *Nooks and Corners of Old Paris* (E. GRANT RICHARDS), with all its myriad illustrations. If only it were pocketable it would be the most interesting companion imaginable as one explores this ancient faubourg and that; but alas, like *Hans Breitmann's* partner at the barty, it weighs "pout dree hondred pound," and would need a taximeter cab to carry it.

Yet why not employ a taximeter in this way? Not the least attractive part of the book is the charming Introduction by VICTORIN SARDOU, who seems to know Paris very much as Mr. Samuel Weller knew London.

I used to think that that school had achieved a record in nicknomenclature which evolved Nails from Anthony. Anthony—Tony—Toenails—Nails were the steps. But Mr. DESMOND COKE has a good many nicknames quite as ingenious in his book *The House Prefect* (HENRY FROWDE and HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Brereton—Brer—Brer Rabbit—Rabbit—Bunny is one. This true presentment of a small part of that great pervading irresponsibility which is the yeast of schoolboy life is one of several things that make the book interesting. But apart from such subtleties—whose analysis is rather for Old Boys than present ones—there is a good story which will be just the thing to ensure a few quiet hours during the holidays. And in the following term schoolmasters will have to keep their eyes open.

A thin paper edition of *The Westcotes*, by Mr. QUILLER-COUCH, is being advertised. What we rather want just now is *thick Westcotes*.



LIFE'S LITTLE ANOMALIES.
WHY IS IT THAT A PERFORMANCE OF THIS KIND, SEEN ON A MUSIC-HALL STAGE, SEEMS TOO TRIVIAL TO MAKE ANY REMARK ON—



WHILE A SIMPLE LITTLE FEAT LIKE THIS, DONE BY YOURSELF, AT HOME, SEEMS QUITE CREDITABLE?



WHEN the fine morning came at last, MR. PUNCH whistled to TOBY, and set forth to view his kingdom. Much of it was under water; but, keeping as far as possible to the dry portions, the Sage walked along briskly, and as he walked his thoughts wandered over the events of the past half-year.

"And what strikes me most," he said to TOBY, "is the number of anomalies which have revealed themselves of late to the student of affairs."

TOBY, doubtful of the meaning of the word "anomalies," barked a query.

"For instance," explained MR. PUNCH, "cattle-driving, which must from all accounts be a delightful sport, is (apparently) legal in Ireland; and yet the Englishman, the Welshman, and the Scotsman have this recreation absolutely denied to them. The Suffragist, taking occasion by the hand, explains (doubtless with warrant) that she is not subject to the man-made laws of a man-made magistrate; yet, when burglars break into her house, she will not hesitate to call in the man-made policeman. Nay, she will even supplicate his stalwart arm to enable her to cross the road safely. The Socialist, again, talks with eloquence of the rights of the working man; but for some reason appears to make a distinction between the man who works with his hands and the man who works with his brain. The latter is allowed no grievance. You never, for instance, hear a Socialist stand up for the Editor of *The Times* against that bloated capitalist the Proprietor."

The bitterness of this last reflection filled the Sage's mind for a while. TOBY, too, seemed affected by the sadness of it.

"Yes," said MR. PUNCH at last, "what we want is men who can see life steadily and see it whole—men who will think clearly, who look onwards and upwards toward—"

At this moment, as if in answer to the Sage's wish, two men appeared. One of them, if not looking onwards, was certainly looking upwards; he seemed, indeed, as if he could not look anywhere else. The other, it was equally clear, was thinking deeply. His left hand beat the air as if in time to his thoughts.

"The men themselves," said MR. PUNCH, eagerly. "Their faces, indeed, seem to lack intellect, but doubtless this is only a form of our national impassivity."

At the sound of a voice the two strangers halted. The Thinker stopped beating time, and the Watcher, with a great effort, brought his head down to the ordinary level. They both looked at MR. PUNCH.

"The very man," they said together. "He shall decide."

"Gentlemen," said MR. PUNCH, with a bow, "I am very much at your service. What have I to decide?"

"Between us," said the Thinker. "Upon the scroll of fame which of us has the right to the premier place?"

"But I must first know something about you. You, I take it," he said to the Thinker, "are a philosopher, quietly at work in your study upon problems which may change profoundly the whole current of the world's thought. You," he

said to the other, "are no doubt a statesman. With your hand upon the helm you will guide the national barque into safe waters. Now, between Philosophy and Statesmanship——"

"Excuse me," said the Thinker, haughtily, "I am the All England Limerick Champion."

"I," said the Watcher disdainfully, "am the World's Diabolo Champion."

Mr. PUNCH coughed to hide his confusion.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "Of course, of course. Toby, we had better go home."

"I don't want to boast," said the Watcher, "but facts are facts. I have caught it over ten thousand times consecutively. As a feat of endurance alone——"

"Talking about feet of endurance, what about these? 'He was green, but he took it as read.' Red, the colour, you know. Now that line will live. Taking each word as a foot, which is much the simplest way, you have nine feet of endurance. Rather good joke that—eh? I shouldn't wonder if you were to see it in my next."

"I have done it one hundred times in the minute," said the Watcher.

"I have earned one hundred pounds in a minute," said the other triumphantly. "And, after all, money's the thing."

"I could almost play in my sleep——"

"Well, I simply think in rhyme now, when I'm doing a last line. Rhyme, line—why, there's another one."

"I can do it with one hand," said the Watcher.

"I *always* do it with one hand," said the Thinker with a grin.

"If you think that's funny——"

"Of course *you* couldn't be expected to see a joke."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Mr. PUNCH, "please remember that I am the arbitrator."

"Well?"

"Well," said the Sage cautiously, "there is an ideal state which we all strive to reach—*Mens sana in corpore sano*; but if we cannot have both it is something to have one. Now, I think that even this gentleman's game might tend to produce the *corpus sanum* so much to be desired; and no doubt, in the other gentleman's pastime may be observed traces of that *mens sana* without which——"

"It's *mens insana*," said the Watcher, who knew that much Latin.

The Thinker started angrily. Mr. PUNCH hastily intervened.

"One moment," he said. "I was about to add that if you both wished for that healthy mind which of itself creates a healthy body——"

"I do," said the Watcher eagerly. "You know, I read more than that chap thinks. I've finished MARCEL's *How to play Diabolo*, and——"

"As a matter of fact," said the Thinker, "since I took to filling in postal orders my right wrist has developed a suppleness inferior only to that of RANJITSINGH's."

"Excellent," said Mr. PUNCH. "I have the very thing for you both." And without more ado he presented to the rivals, thus reconciling their differences, a splendid gift in common. It was no other than his

One Hundred and Thirty-Third Volume.





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